

True Loyalty in its Colours:

OR, A  
SURVEY

OF THE  
Laudable Address

OF THE  
Young Men and Apprentices

Of the City of LONDON,

To His Majesty.

An Heroick Poem.



O Name, because you can't Write, well? a *Fist*  
Is a *Good Hand*, that can Write *Loyallist*.

Go on *Brave lads*; and let your Paper show,  
What *Love*, what *Service* to your *King* you ow.  
How well *Now*, *London*, must we judge of

(*Thee*,  
When in thy *Songs* we find such *Loyalty*?  
What? Though the *Jesuits* a brooding lye,

To Hatch for Us a *Mortal Enemy*;

*Loyal Addresses* shall like *Thunder Kill*,

The *Poison-gathering Viper* in the *Shell*;

And quickly make the *Factionous Gang* leave off,

To *Lace* their *Coffee* with *Seditious Stuff*.

The *Roul* Contains most *Trades*, who *Swear* they'll be

*One Man* oppose their *Princes Enemy*.

Th' *Ingenuous* *Pothecary* makes up a *Pill*;

And *Swears*, it knows both how to *Save* and *Kill*,

The *Keen-edg'd Barber* with his *Razer Votes*,

Instead of *Cutting Beards*, to *Cut* their *Tornats*.

The *Shoo-Maker* protests he'd rather *Choole*,

To *Wind Cord* for their *Necks*, than for their *Shoos*.

The *Cobler* too wou'd meddle with the *Fools*;

And wou'd instead of *Soles*, *Translate* their *Souls*;

The *Nimble Taylor* *Swears* each *Finger Itches*,

To *Cut* their *Coats* more than to *Sow* their *Breeches*.

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The

The Brisk Upholsterer Swears by his Feather,  
 Their Souls and Bodies he will Quilt together;  
 The Damming Vintner Vows next time to bring,  
 Confounded Wine to them that Hate his King.  
 The Greasy Butcher Swears by's Oxes Head,  
 That at one Blow he'll strike Sedition Dead;  
 Then Cut it Open, Quarter it, and Treat  
 The Devil with a Dainty Dish of Meat.  
 The Cockt-up Haberdasher briskly Debates,  
 For Bushing of their Coats instead of Hats.  
 The Artificial Cr'gion fain wou'd Box 'em,  
 And send 'em all to Hell, with a Pox to 'em.  
 The Cook cries, Cram 'em in my Pot's Belly,  
 And I will Stew their Rump-Bieffs to a Jelly:  
 A Carpenter comes in with a few Cringes,  
 And fain wou'd have 'em Hang'd upon New Flages.  
 Then a Hot-Bell-Founder cries out of spite,  
 They dead my Trade, let 'em be Hang'd out-right.  
 But the slye Broker Vows he does not dare  
 Venter his Cohn, on such Deceitful Ware.  
 Next unto him comes the ruff Brick-layer,  
 And he's for Building up the Common-Prayer:  
 The Loyal Coach-man this Sentence Broaches,  
 I am for making Plotters Draw my Coaches.  
 The Brazier is for Burning them, to see  
 What Mettle afterwards They'l prove to be.  
 The Strong-Water-Man wou'd be at Stilling,  
 Of their ill Homours, not at Killing.  
 Then comes the Lawyer Hatching of some Evil,  
 And fain wou'd bring 'em into Bond with th' Devil:  
 But sayes th' Attorney, let 'em make (uds luds)  
 An Execution t' me of Body and Goods.  
 The Rare-Loyal Weaver makes a pother,  
 To have 'em Kickt from one side to the other.  
 The Gold-Smith likes 'em best, for well he knows,  
 Such Mettle both for Gold and Silver goes.  
 They'l take what Stamp he please, they are such Witches;  
 A Casar's Head, as well as Oliver's Breeches.  
 Last comes a PRINTER, (and sayes) Let me Dye,  
 If I don't Brand 'em to Eternity:  
 I will Transfer to future Age, their Plot,  
 And what Reward their Cunning Coleman got:  
 I will Transprint King Charles's his Death, and bid  
 The Children Weep, for what their Fathers did;  
 Papists and Factions, both shall go to Pot,  
 While the True-Loyal Draws a better Lot.

